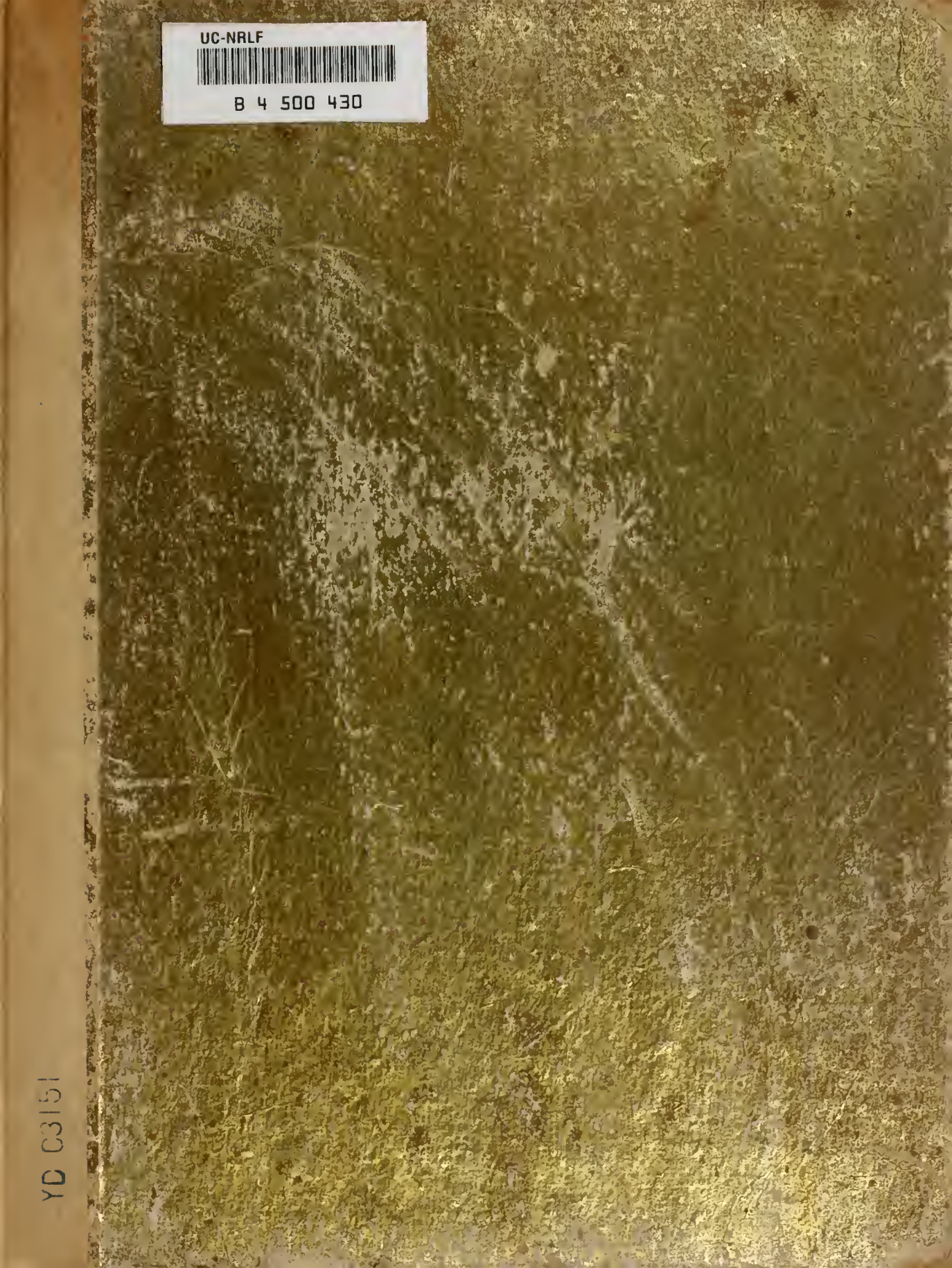
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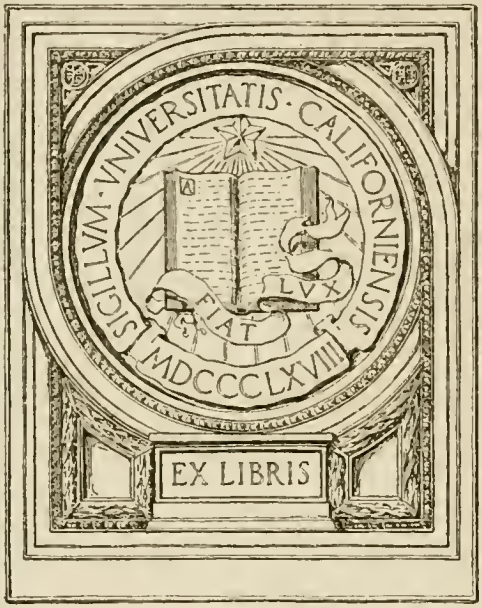

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Façade of
Fine Arts
Palace

Being a Souvenir of *the* Eleventh Annual Convention of the National Association of Stationers & Manufacturers held at *the* Fairmont Hotel San Francisco · California · September 27-30 · 1915

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BY WAY *of* WELCOME

NEVER has paper borne a more sincere message than that on which this foreword is printed in welcome to the delegates to the Eleventh Annual Convention of Stationers and Manufacturers in this month of September of the year nineteen hundred and fifteen. You are welcome as delegates; you are doubly welcome as friends. California, San Francisco, and the "Jewel City" of the Exposition are yours during your visit, which, could the subscribers have their way, would be no visit, but rather the establishment of a permanent home. For this week, at least, let us believe that you are at home here, and as members of one big, harmonious family, let us enjoy ourselves without constraint and without one thought of parting.

MÉNU · FAIRMONT HOTEL

September the Twenty-ninth, Nineteen-Fifteen

California Oyster Cocktail

Olives Almonds

Consommé Imperial

California Riesling Santa Cruz Salmon, American Sauce

Napa Potatoes

Larded Filet of Beef, Sacramento Valley

Stuffed California Tomatoes

California Zinfandel Punch Far West

Los Angeles Squab Chicken, Canapé
San Diego Lettuce, Fines Herbes

Bomb Eureka

Gourmandises Nob Hill

Demi Tasse

Colonnade of Fine Arts Palace

UPON the banks of this lagoon we knew
In days of old that oft we would renew,
A wondrous Palace has been reared where Art
In all the glory of its soul and heart
Reigns in a dazzling splendor such as we
But little hoped upon this earth to see.
And as we wonder, what reflections rise
From out the bosom of the lakelet's skies,
To double this great miracle of Art
And of the dreams of beauty make a part.

Edward R. Taylor

It cannot be that we deserve to look
Upon the pages of such marvelous book,
But here we are and here we'll dare to sate
Our senses on this day of prosperous fate;
And so this Palace radiant to the core
Like some earthly thing we ponder o'er.
It breathes of beauty in its every line,
In form incomparable and divine,
And to this lakelet wedded it assumes
An architecture of unnumbered blooms.

Edward R. Taylor

The Fine Arts Palace and Lagoon at Night

The Half Dome and Court of the Four Seasons

THE noisy Day is folded on the breast
Of star-bespangled Night, and brooding rest
Fills all our being with its gentle power
That bids us consecrate this golden hour.
Here in the Court of Ages let us sit,
And taste once more the wonderment of it,
Till sense is sated and the eyes grow dim
With all the beauties that around us swim.
This is the Exposition's very soul,
Not made so consciously, but by control–
Beyond the Cunning and the wit of man
A providential, heaven-bestowing plan.

Edward R. Taylor

Danish Building and Corner of Fine Arts Palace

Behold this most amazing city, where
But yesterday the swamp for ages reigned:
Today, as in a dream of loveliest things,
We see this monumental mass so great
In all its templed beauty, we despair
That architecture could the farther go.

Edward R. Taylor

The Tower of Jewels

A sea of domes rolls through the air,
While towers begemmed rise to the very sky
As though to bear some message to the heavens;
One with such jewels on its towering crest,
It fronts the astonished earth with living light;

Edward R. Taylor

Tower in the Court of Abundance

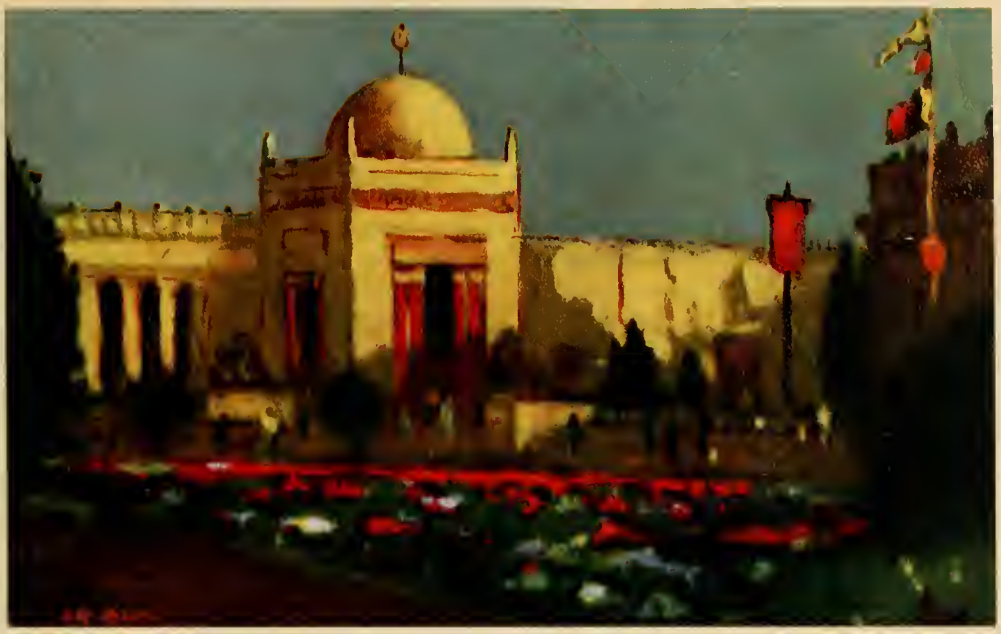
The graceful tower lies close in beauty's arms,
Encrusted deeply with a thousand charms
In monumental traceries of form
That everywhere by Art's creation swarm.

Edward R. Taylor

The Marina and the Column of Progress

He stands erect upon a columned stone
That proudly rears its head against the skies,
And in his deep, aspiring heart defies
All obstacles against his pathway blown.
His arrow from the bow has whizzing flown
That fast he follows with consuming eyes,
In hope to see some glory-haunted prize
Struct by his shaft and made his very own.
Companioned by his brother on the quest,
He'll find some solace in that quiet breast
In words that soothe the surging of his blood;
While from the woman crouching at his knee
Will come the faith that with its precious flood
Shall nobly bear him on to victory.

Edward R. Taylor



The Court of
the Universe

Lo, Palaces, and Domes, and Towers uprear
Their countless beauties to the wondering sky,
Until amazement holds us and we cry
The Architect has soared his highest here.
All Past and Present that we hold most dear
Art has arisen anew to glorify,
While deep Imaginings with soul-lit eye
Have walked the dizziest heights without a fear.
And Nature here assumes her floral sway,
While sparkling fountains leap in giant play,
And trees and grasses flaunt their verdurous shows.
O Wondrous spot recovered from the Bay,
Of all thy kind the one completest Rose–
Ah, pitying thought thou canst not last alway.

Edward R. Taylor

Fountain of Energy and Festival Hall

GREAT statues breathing meanings for mankind;
With Carven women whose deep beauty might
Rouse frozen veins to sudden ecstasy;
Broad walls that throb with paintings which depict,
While sparkling fountains leaping in the light
Make music gently falling on the ear.

Edward R. Taylor

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The Horticultural Palace

THE time will come when Ruin's rage will lay
Its heartless hand upon these piles that soar,
And they in all their rich-abounding lore
Will, like the dream they are, then pass away.
These avenues that swarm with life so gay
Will swell with rapture's paeans never more;
And all these palaces' eye-rapturing store
Will move along Oblivion's cypress way.
But Memory's bounteous wealth will then remain
And here the far-reverberative strain
Of happy life will bless the willing ear;
Again these palaces will woo the air,
These breathing statues all our praises hear,
These blooms and fountains never know despair.

Edward R. Taylor

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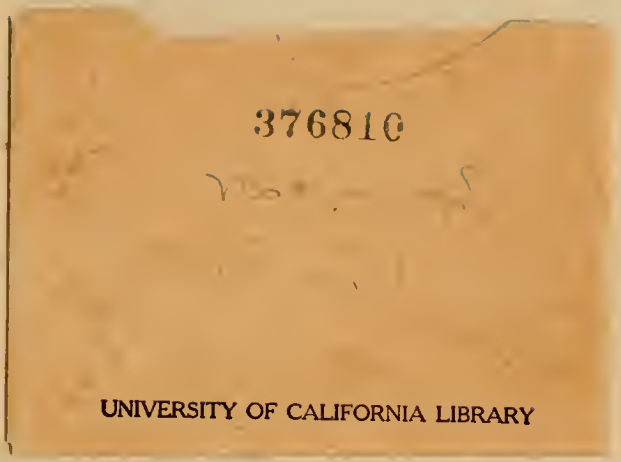
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